

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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THE GLEBE HOUSE—*A Tale.*

FOUND IN THE CABINET OF A LADY OF DISTINCTION, LATELY DECEASED.

(Continued.)

YOU may now, cried his lordship, esteem yourself the happiest fellow in the universe, since rewarded by the hands of beauty;—Oh! with what rapture would I be bound with the flowing fletters of love.

Constantia blushed, but made no reply.

Numberless other devices were practised to divert and beguile the hours.

At length they were led to a rustic building, embosomed among the loftiest trees; where a collation was laid out, which presented every luxury that wealth could purchase.

His lordship, had indeed been assiduous in procuring what he thought most calculated to tempt, betray and intoxicate the senses; while his unsuspecting victims give hopes, by the pleasure manifested, that his trouble would be soon recompensed.

He entreated Constantia to sing in the course of the evening, she at length yielded to his importunity—or rather, the command of her mother, and sung, from the Hermit, of Goldsmith

"The blossoms opening on the day,
"The dews by Heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity display,
"To emulate his mind."

Lord Stanville pressed her hand and sighed—such was the gentle pressure she had from Coverly, when sitting by him, she sung in this manner—such the profound sigh that heaved his bosom;—she raised her eyes replete with most bewitching softness, and gave a look that sunk to his lordship's soul.

Her mother was enraptured with every thing; nor till this period, imagined she ever knew perfect felicity.

Alas! such is the delusions vice so frequently spreads before our eyes, thoughtless we rove in its flowery paths; nor perceive, till the poignant sting of sorrow comes, those rocks & quick-sands, which so temptingly were covered.

Lord Stanville left them to give some orders to his attendants;—Miss Somers was rambling about with Jasper, who was comparing her to all the beauties of antiquity, as the most finished originals, in his opinion, while his mother was stealing after, to listen to his gallantry.

As Constantia was going to follow them, she felt her gown suddenly twicked, and turning, perceived a servant, who, with a significant look, slipped a paper into her hand, and ran off.

Surprise for a moment deprived her of the power of perusing its contents—judge of her amazement and horror, when she read as follows:

"Let innocence beware—there's treachery on foot.—Fly! ere the shades of night afford an opportunity for the contemplation of the darkest design.—The bearer will conduct you to a place of security;—be guarded, if you hope to escape."

"Oh! my father, why did we leave you? oh! Coverly, my Coverly," exclaimed Constantia, why are you not here to protect us?

A flood of tears relieved her from that distraction, which in the first moment had overwhelmed her senses—she resolved on collecting all her fortitude, and acting with that circumspection, which her unknown guardian had desired.

As she was quitting the retreat, Jasper appeared to acquaint her, that Miss Somers and his mother were going to the house, and requested her to follow.

She instantly communicated the contents of the letter—all on fire at the designed injury, he was for venting openly the impetuosity of his passion, had she not conjured him to the contrary.

She represented to him, how unavailing the display of either resentment or resistance, surrounded as they were, by minions of the monster—that, their only resource was, for him to seek the servant; she was assured he would befriend them, and was determined, with his assistance, to fly the baneful mansion.

With words like those, Constantia won her brother to conviction, he went in quest of their humble friend; while she, trembling with horror, pursued the footsteps of her mother.

When they reached the house, she made an excuse for going to her apartment, to change her hat, which was damp with dew and unnoticed, whispered her mother to follow.

After securing the door, she acquainted her with the source of her terrors—to describe those of her mother at that moment, is impossible, all her flattering prospects vanished—humbled to the dust; experiencing all the agonies of self-accusation.

Raising her streaming eyes to that fair blossom, which she had torn from its native shade, and exposed to the pestilential blasts of iniquity; like the wandering dove, how joyfully would she have fled to the sheltering arms of her husband—she could not speak.

Constantia, shocked by the distress of her mother wept upon her neck, and besought her to be composed;—Heaven, she said, ever protects the virtuous.

Jasper softly tapped at the door, attended by the servant, who conducted them down the back-stairs, into an orchard, at the extremity of which, was a bye-road; a coach was prepared, into which they eagerly entered, Jasper first flourishing his stick, and vowed revenge; declaring, he disapproved highly of this inglorious

ous flight—the way would have been—to challenge—and in single combat, chastise—thus did the heroes of antiquity.

Fast as the horses went, they could not keep pace with the wishes of Mrs. Owens and her daughter; at length they stopped, as well as they could discern by the faint light which a few stars afforded, at a large edifice.

They were conducted into a parlour, where they beheld a lady and gentleman, the terrors which had taken possession of them, subsided almost instantly at their appearance.

The gentleman was old, and from a certain dejection in his look, appeared perfectly acquainted with sorrow; his grey hair was thinly spread upon his forehead, a placid lustre in his eyes denoted how brilliant they had been in the gay morning of youth, a faint hectic tinged his cheek; and the softest sensibility overspread his countenance.

Constantia had eyes for no other object, she felt a pleasing awfulness at his sight—her brother, however, thought there was one still more attracting in the room, and could not forbear gazing at the young lady, though he blushed at the same time; she was about eighteen, with a beautiful simplicity in her looks.

Welcome! thrice welcome! to this mansion, exclaimed the old gentleman—forever blessed be the hour in which Providence made me the humble instrument of preserving a family from destruction—yes madam, continued he, taking Mrs. Owens's hand, I consider myself particularly fortunate, in being enabled to save you from that heart-rending distress you would have experienced, had the last of schemes been executed.

He then briefly informed them, that Lord Stanville's man, who was son to a tenant of his, had told him of their being decoyed to the house, he knew the whole plot; having found Mrs. Croft's letter in the room where his lordship had been dressing—he declared it made him quite sad to think his master should have the power of ruining an innocent family. His artless representations, continued the gentleman, so excited my pity and resentment, that I resolved to do all in my power for their protection, and laid the plan which has so happily succeeded.

They poured forth their acknowledgments, called him their guardian, and vowed unalterable gratitude; Mrs. Owens in her present humbled state, hesitated not confessing her motives for going to London, her husband's dislike to the excursion, and her opposition.

Alas! cried the benevolent man, such is the waywardness of mankind; they seek for felicity in every station but their own, where alone they should look for, and cultivate it.

Oh! most erroneous opinion. to suppose riches only can baffle bliss, I am an evidence

to the contrary, had I been a shepherd swain, with the sweat of my brow was obliged to till my parent earth and reaped her fruits, I might have been happy; but born in the lap of affluence how bitter has been my fate.

He was checked by his emotions and paused a few moments, then raising his head, said, if you will honor me with your attention for a short time, I may, by reciting the incidents of my life, more fully convince you of the truth of what I have said.

They entreated him to begin the relation, which he accordingly did,

(To be continued.)

A PORTRAIT OF MANKIND.—*By Sterne.*

VANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to be—but to seem.—

Look out of your door—take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing, and slaiting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas? he has them not.—

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he would not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armor at least.—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its reading? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret:—and, what is that?

—That the saint has no religion at all.

—But here comes Generosity: giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See, he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!—’tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded-roll of every hospital and asylum.—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us? Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise among the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery:—Chastity never once in harm’s way;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier up on an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet—let not my soldier run—’tis some good Christian

giving alms. O Pity, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

The INFLUENCE of the FEMALE SEX on the ENJOYMENTS of SOCIAL LIFE.

I SHALL ask the indulgence of the fair sex, while I make a few observations on the figure which the ladies are calculated to make, in a matrimonial state, and in social life. It may afford them instruction, and I think cannot fail of being agreeable.

Matrimony, among savages, having no object but propagation and slavery, is a very humiliating state for the female sex. But, delicate organization, quick sensibility, lively imagination, with sweetness of temper, above all, qualify the fair for a more dignified society with men, who are to be their companions and bosom friends. In the common course of education, young ladies are taught to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with external decency and propriety. Very little attention is paid to the improvement of the mind, and little doth it redound to the honour of the human race. Due cultivation of the female mind, would add greatly to the happiness of the gentlemen, and still more to that of the ladies.—Time imperceptibly glides off; and, when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which her admirer did not enter, surrenders herself now to peevishness and discontent. A lady, on the contrary, who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains, in her decline, an influence over a gentleman, more flattering than even that of beauty; she is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers. Admirable would be the effects of such refined education; contributing no less to public good than to private happiness.

A gentleman, who, at present, must degrade himself into a fop or coxcomb, in order to please the ladies, would soon find, that their favour could not be gained, but by exerting every manly talent, in public and private life; and the two sexes, instead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue; and a mutual desire of pleasing, would give smoothness to their behaviour, delicacy to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions. The union of a worthy man, with a trifling, frivolous woman, can never, with all the advantages even of fortune, be made agreeable. How different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy!

Cultivation of the female mind is of great importance, not with respect to private happiness only, but with respect to society at large. The ladies have it in their power to form the manners of the gentlemen, and they can render them virtuous and happy, or vicious and miserable.—What a glorious prize is here exhibited, to be contended for by the sex!

NIGHT SCENE IN PARIS.

A French paper gives the following soliloquy: “It is yet but eleven o’clock—formerly this was the hour when the rattling of coaches, and the halloving of the coachmen announced the departure of the company from the Theatres—when the whole city was in motion—here a splendid supper awaited some select society of agreeable friends, and mirth and good humour succeeded to the pleasure of the table—there

was a magnificent ball, where riches displayed all its luxuries, youth its graces, and beauty its attractions; the silver ear of night was exhorting through its course by gaiety and mirth, and Aurora made her appearance before she could relax its downy pinions, or silence had place for repose.—But how the times are changed!—It is now but eleven o’clock, and Paris is a desert—I have already traversed half the great city, and have met with very few animated beings—two robbers flying before the patrols, and the officers who force me to exhibit my civic card—a single fiacre remains upon the stand, and a poor rentier solicits alms to satisfy the cravings of exhausted nature; but excepting these wretched beings are all sleeping at this moment?—Ah! rather may it be that this silence, this solitude, is the stillness of death; it is the hoding silence of the tomb—pale care and gloomy despondency still watch at doom and prey upon the inhabitants within—thus it is the magnificent tomb breeds the destruction of its tenant in its own bowels. Oh! sweet Peace! Thou alone canst change this Cyprian grove into blooming verdure—they only can metamorphose the mournful yews and weeping willows into fields of golden plenty!—Come and every heart shall rejoice.”

REMARKABLE STORY OF A RATTLE-SNAKE.

From Carver’s Travels.

NEAR one half of the way between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, is a morass overgrown with a kind of long grass, the rest of it a plain, with some few oak and pine trees growing theron. I observed here a great number of rattle-snakes. Monsieur Pinnance, a French trader, told me a remarkable story concerning one of these reptiles, of which, he said, he was an eyewitness. An Indian, belonging to the Menomonie nation, having taken one of them, found means to tame it; and when he had done this, treated it as a Deity; calling it his Great Father, and carrying it with him, in a box, wherever he went. This the Indian had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnance accidentally met with him at his Carrying Place, just as he was setting off for a winter’s hunt. The French gentleman was surprized, one day, to see the Indian place the box which contained his god, on the ground, and opening the door, gave him his liberty; telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough when May arrived, for the arrival of his great father. The Indian was so confident of his creature’s obedience, that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into the box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following, fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again; when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great father. The snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be disengaged, he offered to double the bet, if his great father came not within two days more. This was further agreed on; when, behold, on the second day, about one o’clock, he snake arrived, and of his own accord crawled in the box, which was placed ready for him.

Miss Louisa Master

The French gentleman searched for the truth of this story, and from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt his veracity.

HUMOUR.

FEMALE loquacity has ever been a subject for wit to shoot its arrows at : How unjustly so those who have had the happiness of much frequenting the society of the ladies of the present age will readily testify. A Capuchin Friar, however of a contrary opinion, preached before the immature inhabitants of a nunnery, having said many fine things of Mary Magdalen, added, "But do not, my beloved, be too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguishing honour of appearing first to a female after his resurrection ; for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

Revenge, however, is sweet ; and at a country church, where it is customary for the women to stand on one side and the men on the other, two of the latter speaking so loud as to interrupt the service. A female of the congregation, happy in having an opportunity of vindicating her sex, exultingly requested the Curate to take notice that the talking was not on her side of the church : "So much the better, good woman," replied he, "it will be the sooner over."

NEWARK, JUNE 9.

The Editor of this publication, solicits the correspondence of Ladies of taste and Gentlemen of literature, whose communication of judicious selections or original essays, will be gratefully received.

—THE MORALIST—

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

True it is that sensual pleasure yields no lasting happiness to man ; that the enjoyments of the appetite decay by time, and are lost in the season of infirmity and age. Yet there are pleasures which quicken by indulgence, and are strengthened by the exercise of experience and years—I mean those of the imagination.

Nor are they of such little weight in the scale of happiness as the devotee to sensuality may possibly suspect. Unconfined in their extension, and unbounded in their resources, they receive a fund from every object that surrounds us. And if we turn our attention to the natural disposition of mankind we will find, that these are not the only subjects of pleasure to the heart.

Man never looks forward, to the events which approach him, but with a far more hopeful eye, and sanguine expectation, than what in futurity he really enjoys—Nor does the event make a retrospect of the past occurrences of his life, but with a much more happy, and pleasurable sentiment, than that with which their difficulties were supported. Thus does the imagination hold out to us the beauties, whilst it shades the deformities of our past lives ; and however dreary may be our situation in the road of humanity, anticipation still holds out a lively prospect to the view.

The amusements of our juvenile hours, though excited by the most ardent, as well as innocent affections, are nevertheless incapable of superceding the pleasure that we feel, in contemplating the events of futurity. The child,

a small portion of whose days are employed, in the necessary improvements of cultivated life, looks forward with pleasure to the time, when manhood will raise him to strength and independence, and when his scholastic toils will yield to that period of practice in which experience and activity will engage him in the more momentous scenes of life.

Nor are the pleasures of expectation solely confined to the infantile years of our existence ; when arrived at that period which our infant animated hopes had so warmly aspired to, we still anticipate the pleasures of futurity, and hope in age for those social and peaceful days, which the volatile passions of youth, disenable us from enjoying in perfection.

But when old age approaches with its consequent infirmities, a new field is opened for the exercise of the imagination. Man no longer looks forward to future happiness and pleasure, but finds his cup of gratification in a reflection on the past. The occurrences we have experienced lose all that garb of difficulty and misfortune, in which they first appeared, and the reflection on a well spent life furnishes a sufficient consolation to support the sinking years of desolated man.

Thus do the pleasures of reflection in some measure maintain an equilibrium of happiness, between youth and age, between vigor and infirmity.

Although we rise in the morning of our existence, full of life, activity and strength, yet to increase these blessings we have not the assistance of experienced reflection—nor can we recount and realize anew the pleasures which for a long series of years we have previously enjoyed. On the contrary, when the sun of life is sinking to its horizon, fancy flies to recapitulate the scenes which we have passed. And when the vices which have defaced a small portion of our days, are shaded in the noon of oblivion, the more prominent features of virtue shine from the recesses of time, and reflect upon the memory, in far more elevated colours, the image of the past actions of our lives.

SOLON.

—ANECDOTES—

Marshall Turenne, dining one day with M. Lamoigne, was asked by him, if his courage was not sometimes a little shaken at the beginning of an action ? "Yes, sir," replied M. de Turenne, "I assure you I often experience a great deal of agitation of mind on the occasion ; but there are in the army a great many subaltern officers and private soldiers who suffer nothing of the kind."

An itinerant preacher, descanting on the inefficacy of good works alone, illustrated his passage by observing, that good works without faith, was like rowing a boat with one oar—the boat would go round and round, but would never get one inch a head.

—DETACHED SENTENCES—

If we examine our own thoughts, we shall find that they are principally employed in the past or the future ; we seldom ever think of the present, and if we do, it is only to enable us to lay plans for the future. Hence it happens that we never live ; we always hope to live, and are preparing ourselves for being happy ; and it is certain, that we never can be so, unless we fix our attention upon something solid and lasting.

It is not abundance of riches that can render us happy, but the use we make of them. Horace, therefore, is not contented with wishing wealth from the gods, he begs also, that they would teach him the art of enjoying them.

—MAXIMS—

MAXIMS are the verdicts of wisdom, on the reports of experience.

Prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity best discovers virtue.

Envy is like the sun beams, which beam hotter upon a bank, or steep rising of ground, than upon a flat.

In deciding upon important questions, in morality, the heart is the best casuist.

—OBITUARY—

Died, At Beverwick, on Sunday the 27th ult. in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. MARIA VAN BEVERHOUDT, relict of the late Lucas Van Beverhoudt, Esq. Characters of the deceased are too often given, more from the affection of the writer, than drawn from the real character of the departed—but justice to the living as well as the dead, compels a friend to say, that Mrs. Van Beverhoudt in her whole conduct through life, displayed all the politeness of the lady—with that benevolence and amiableness of manners, which interested all ranks of people who approached her, in her favor ; at the same time she discovered, the humility and meekness of the real christian.—The indisposition and bereavements she met with in her latter years, had a tendency to wean her affections from this vale of tears, and prepare her for the bosom of her Saviour and her God.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. at ten o'clock, the funeral of the late NATHAN BRYAN, Esq. member of Congress from the state of North Carolina, moved from Arch-street, where he died the preceding day, to the Baptist burying ground. The procession moved as follows :

1. The two Chaplains to Congress.
2. Two Ministers of the Baptist Church.
3. The corpse borne by 8 carriers, and attended by 8 pall-bearers.
4. The Speaker of the House of Representatives preceded by the Serjeant at arms with his mace, and followed by the clerk.
5. The Members of the House of Representatives two and two—the members from North Carolina foremost.
6. The President of the Senate, preceded by the Sergeant at Arms and Door keeper to the Senate, and followed by the Secretary.
7. The members of the Senate two and two.
8. The heads and other principal officers of the departments, two and two.
9. The attending members of the Baptist Church, two and two.
10. Other citizens, two and two.

The Chaplains, Ministers, Pall-bearers, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, wore white scarves over the right shoulder, white scarves round their hats, and white gloves. The Serjeant at Arms and Clerk of the House of Representatives, wore white scarves round their hats—and the Members of the House of Representatives, wore black crêpe scarves on the left arm.

The Pall-bearers, were—Mr. Martin of the Senate—Mr. Locke, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. McDowell, Mr. Macon, Mr. Burges, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Blount, of the House of Representatives.

POETRY.

The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind ;
The noble delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire ;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

THE STORM.

ADVANCING night involv'd the earth in shade,
And the high arch in starry pomp display'd ;
The rising moon forsook her orient bed,
And o'er the horizon rear'd her lucid head ;
Unnumber'd sederal lamps supplied her train,
While transient clouds danc'd o'er the azure plain.
The winds were still, a general silence reign'd,
Save when the owl in mournful woe complain'd ;
Save when the distant clock rang through the gloom,
That solemn sound which warns us to the tomb.

Now far above those hills that hide the day,
Dark rolling vapours make their dusky way ;
Shades following shades, by winds resistless driv'n,
Ascend and blacken all the front of heav'n :
The stars behind the gathering storm retire,
And the pale moon-beams, trembling all expire :
Terrific flashes, through the tensold night,
Gleam awful flames of momentary light :
Tremendous thunders o'er the concave roll,
Shake nature's frame and rock the shuddering pole ;
Artillery from on high in vengeance hurl'd,
Indames the skies and storms the frighted world ;
Blaze urges blaze, while peals incendant roar,
Down, from crush'd clouds, torrents on torrents pour.

Old ocean hears the uproar with amaze ;
The wrecking elements, with dread surveys ;
Fears left this onset should o'erwhelm his reign,
And o'er creation spread one boundless main.

The hardy sailor now begins to fear ;
Death fills his sight, death echoes in his ear—
His fate impends from every high-rais'd wave
And every opening shows an instant grave—
His poor dash'd bark his guidance heeds no more,

He strives in vain, sees no adjacent shore.
For succour now he lifts his suppliant eyes
To him who thus in darkness hung the skies,
To him who lifts the billows of the deep
And by a smile lulls all their rage to sleep.

Ec'n now the Atheist knows some power divine
Rides on the whirlwind, bids the lightning shine,
Shews the dread bolt where judgment shall descend,
What palice totter and what sinner bend :
His foul appall'd, at every peal he hears,
Betrays his knowledge and his death-like fears.

Not so the good man : consciously serene,
In tranquil joy, he views the glorious scene,

While his Almighty Father's awful voice
Bids all his servants in his strength rejoice.

But now the clouds begin to break away,
While up the eastern skies extends the day ;
The far resounding thunder now retires ;
No more appear the fork'd vivid fires.
Ten thousand splendors open with the morn,
New beauties every grove and plain adorn ;
The meadows with unusual brightness bloom,
Fragrant, with odours, air is all perfume ;
Soft zephyrs waft the wood-land notes along,
While all reviving nature joins the song.

Thus will appear the new, delightful clime,
Emerging from the final wreck of time.
Hush'd to repose the fiery storm shall cease,
Up the bright heav'ns ascend the son of peace ;
Eternal morning rise, celestial choirs
Raise their glad lays and strike their living lyres,
With endless carols cheer their blest abode,
Hail their Redeemer and their Saviour, God.

CUSTOM—A SATIRE.

MISTAKEN world—considerate how few—
Bias'd by passions—something ye pursue :
On earth such mighty busnels ye prepare,
Eternity ye think not worth your care.
Is happiness your aim ? mistaken still—
Mankind may all be happy if they will :
Short sighted judges, acting as ye guess,
And vanity pursue for happiness.
Instead of conscience, custom we obey
That o'er our wills usurps tyrannic sway ;
Custom, for Liberty, is still mistook,
And Virtue, for the fashion, is forsook.
Custom, what art thou but an empty name
That checks our inclination and our fame ?
To reformation few the path pursue ;
Custom's a law for every thing we do ;
The excuse is so convenient on our side,
We safely err while custom is our guide.
Youth, when by ill communication sway'd
Into flight follies, often are betray'd ;
Taught by example sin becomes a jest,
Till from one vice they run thro' all the rest :
Virtue's a trick—religion there is none—
Custom controls them, till they're quite undone.
Observe authority with look severe,
Insulting merit only 'cause he dare.
Each tinsel'd coxcomb inwardly disdain
The man of sense, because his suit is plain ;
Meer slaves to fashion and extremes of taste,
With hat compleatly cock'd and coat well lac'd,
Whether your qualities are good or ill,
They judge your merits by your taylor's bill ;
Concluding he to wit has no pretence
Whose lafting farge was bought at small expence.
Ye idle fair who spend the fleeting hours
In trifles, dressing, scandal and amours ;
Whose tempers to the fashion subject most,
Are for a fashionable trifles crost ;
Who in your formal visits take delight—
Seem fond of one, yet hate to be polite ?
Why is plain truth still deem'd impertinent,
And naufeous flattery a thing well meant ?
Why do ye still the wealthy fool respect,
And treat the meritorious with neglect ?
The perjur'd rake to make your sex his friends,
Grows disobedient and his God offends,
Abandoned yields to every headstrong passion
And damn's himself because it is the fashion.
Then, why is he who swerves from custom's rule,
Without just reason deem'd a willful fool ?
Who do the uncorrupted still look on
And calmly see life's business left undone ?

Custom is all we have for an excuse ;
Custom the cloak for every rank abuse.
Deluded age, confin'd in custom's chain,
Reflect and soon your Liberty &c. i. ;
That once regain'd, this maxim will protect,
Let each man act as conscience shall direct.

ON THE SAILING OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE.

THE anchor weigh'd, the cannon's roar,
Proclaims along the echoing shore,
The manly farewell of a crew,
To honest independence true ;
Th' enraptur'd cheers, declare their actions free,
Self urg'd, self arm'd, to fight for liberty.
No fight disgrace the gather'd crowd ;
The shouts of joy are heard aloud :
No wife her parting lord restrains,
To check the smile her soul disdains ;
“ Haste, haste,” she cries, “ to act the glorious part,
Leave, leave, my arms, and reign within my heart.”

Each sister, as she bids adieu,
Crimsons with the glowing hue
Of honest pride, and loud declares,
“ The noble toil my brother shares.”
E'en children catch the all pervading glow,
And prattle vengeance on the insulting foe.
The vessel now adown the tide,
Moves slow in independent pride ;
While Delaware with honest boast,
Presents her to th' insulted coast ;
There may her cannon to the world decree,
Columbia can, and ever will be free.
And you ye tars, who foremost stand,
Guardians of your injured land,
May smiling cherubims on high,
Guard you with a watchful eye,
From rocks and shoals your winged castle bear,
Nor storms and tempests follow in your rear.
We pray not from a mortal foe,
The Heavens to turn your chasing prow ;
Your courage prov'd, our quarrel just,
In you we place implicit trust ;
Assured you'll reap from every equal fight,
Success as glorious, as our cause is right.

LOVE ELEGY.

Translated from the Irish.

By Miss C. BROOKE.

AH ! what woes are mine to bear,
Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting !
Doom'd the victim of despair,
Youth's gay bloom pale sorrow blasting !
Sad the bird that sings alone,
Flies to wilds unfeen to languish,
Pours unheard the ceaseless moan,
And wastes on desert air its anguish !
Mine, O hapless bird, thy fate !—
The plunder'd nest—the lonely sorrow !—
The lost-lov'd harmonious mate !
The wailing night, the cheerless morrow !
O thou dear hoard of treasur'd love !
Tho' these fond arms should ne'er possess thee,
Still—still my heart its faith shall prove,
And its last sigh shall breathe to bless thee.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.